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like other boys, he was always counting his beads ; and instead of spending his time a courting, as any other pretty gentleman would, he resolved to be a clergyman, and was full of holy thoughts ; so he one day came up here, on a visit to his blood relation, King M'Thoul, who owned all these mountains and vallies, and was now grown old, and, as a body may say, a little the worse of the wear, in mind as well as body. "How," says young Kevin to King M'Thoul, "does your lordship now spend your time, seeing you are grown too old to hunt the bucks and boars through the glen?" "Why it's no other way I spend my time, than seeing my geese swimming about the lake : and once on a time I had the greatest sport you ever saw with the gander, for he used to take flight about all those hills, and come back again to his old master ; but now he has grown old too, and can fly by no manner of means." "What will you give me," says Kevin, "if I make him fly again for you?" "Why I'll give you," says the easy, soft-hearted king, "all the ground he flies round, even suppose he flew round the whole glen." So blessed St. Kevin took the old gander in his hand, and bid him fly away. And, my dear life, away he went, round he flew the whole valley, up even to the tops of the hills, enclosed the place where the churches now stand, and the fine meadows along the river, and then came back to St. Kevin. "Now," says the saint, "King M'Thoul, be as good as your word ; give me this place, and I will dedicate it to God." And the king, if he were sorry, kept his grief to himself, and putting a handsome face on the thing, he made over to the saint, for ever and a day, this valley, and all belonging to it : and so then he began to build these fine churches, and that great tower.

"We shall conclude our notice of Saint Kevin with another amusing extract, from the lively and characteristic writer who has already stood us so much in good stead.

LEGEND OF GARADH DUFF.

"Having rested myself sufficiently, I proceeded with my guide through the grave-yard towards the largest of the ruined churches, which is called the cathedral. In passing along, Mr. Irwin directed my attention to an old grave-stone with a round hole in it. "This, Sir, said he, "is the tomb of Garadh Duff, or Black and Yellow, the horse-stealer, whom St. Kevin killed for telling him a lie. It happened as follows :—Black and Yellow one day was coming over the ford, there above, not far from Lough-na-peche, riding a fine black mare, with a foal at her foot ; and meeting the saint, blessed Kevin asked him, "where, Garadh, did you get that fine beast?" "Oh, I bought her from one of the Byrnes." "That's a lie, I know by your face, you thief." "Oh, may I never stir out of this spot," says Garadh, "if what I say is not true." "Dare you tell me so : now in order to make a liar, and a thief, and a holy show of you to the world's end, I'll fix your foal and mare there in that rock, and the print of their hoofs shall remain for ever, and you yourself must die and go to purgatory." "Well," if I must die," said the thief, "please me, holy father, in one thing, bury me in your own churchyard, and leave a hole in my tombstone, so that if any stray horse or cow should pass by, I may just push up my arm and make a snap at their leg, if it was nothing else but to remind me of my humour, and that I may keep my temper during the long day of the grave."

"We recommend the tourist to visit the curiosities of Glendalough in the order of the following description :

"The first ruin on the road side, on the north of the vale, is usually called the Ivy Church ; it was a small chapel, originally roofed with stone, at one end of which are the remains of a round tower, perfectly detached from the body of the church, although only by a distance of a few feet. The ruins of this church are too imperfect to detain the tourist long.

"At the distance of about a quarter of a mile are the supposed ruins of the famous city of Glendalough. The origin of this city, and its celebrity as a seat of learning, are attributed to Saint Mochuorog or Mocrorog, a Briton. A little paved space, of a quadrangular form, now called the market place, indicates its site ; from this a paved causeway led to Hollywood, on the borders of the county of Kildare, through the vale of Glendason. This little Appian way, which is yet visible, was composed of blocks

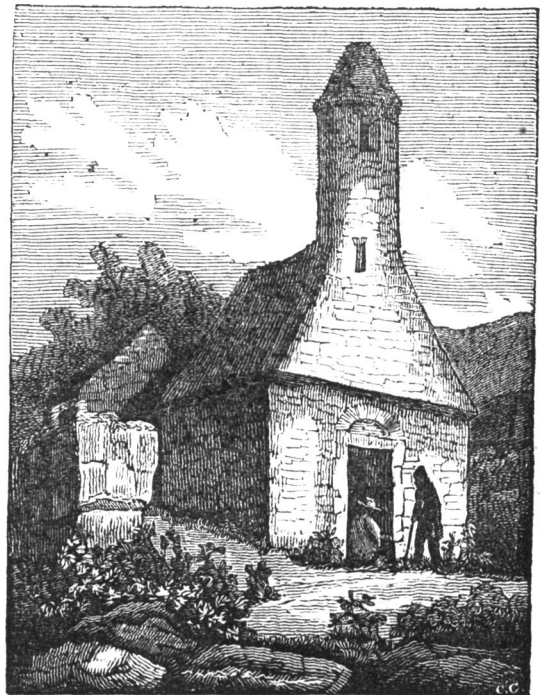
of hewn stone, placed edge-wise, and was about twelve feet in breadth.

"Not far from the village is a rivulet, called St. Kevin's Kieve, which is said to possess miraculous powers.

"Near the cathedral stand the ruins of a small building, probably used as a sacristy, or place where the relics and religious vestments were preserved. Visitors are recommended to turn round three times in this closet, as a preventive of future head-aches. In the confused heaps around these buildings, a stone is pointed out, bearing three figures ; that in the centre represents some religious person, on whose right hand is a pilgrim, leaning on his staff, and on the left, a sinner extending a purse of money as a commutation for penance.*

"Several remnants of crosses lie scattered up and down, the most remarkable of which is that standing in the cemetery of the cathedral, eleven feet in height, and formed of one solid block of granite. Certain miraculous properties are attributed to this ; but it is first necessary that the votary should completely embrace the stone, making his hands meet at the opposite side. The stranger naturally walks up to the front of the cross, and throwing his arms about the stone, attempts to unite his hands ; this he will soon find impracticable, from the great breadth of the flat front ; but upon changing his situation, and standing close up to the narrow side of the shaft, the object will be easily accomplished.

"To the west of the cathedral stood our Lady's Church : this could not have been a very extensive structure originally, but from the traces still discoverable, it appears to have been built with more architectural taste and knowledge than the others. The doorway must have been admirably executed : in the lintel was wrought a cruciform ornament, not unlike the flyer of a stamping press. The walls, as high as the doorway, are of hewn stone of a large size, and the remainder of a rag stone, admirably cemented. The eastern window was like that of the cathedral, but it is now in a ruinous condition.—There are several recesses in the wall, in which females, particularly those lately united in the hymeneal bonds, are advised to turn round three times : the advantages of this ceremony will be satisfactorily stated by the guide.



KEVIN'S KITCHEN.

St. Kevin's Kitchen is now the most perfect of the Seven Churches, it is roofed with stone, and has a steeple

* This is Ledwich's explanation, which is much ridiculed by Dr. Lanigan.

at one end, a perfect miniature of the round towers. It was lighted by one window, the architrave of which was of freestone, richly sculptured, but want of good feeling and of good taste, permitted this enriched moulding to be carried away, and bruised into powder for domestic purposes. The interior measures twenty-two feet nine inches in length by fifteen in breadth; its height is twenty feet, and the thickness of the walls three feet six inches. At the eastern end, an arch, the chord of which measures five feet three inches, opens a communication with a smaller chapel, ten feet six inches in length by nine feet three inches in width, having also a small eastern window. The several lower courses of the walls are of a coarse mountain granite; their thickness is three feet, and height about twelve; the door is six feet eight inches high, two feet four inches wide at the top, and four inches wider at the bottom, the stones running the entire thickness of the wall.

"The belfry, which rises from the west end of the church, is a round tower, about fifty feet in height; it is accessible by a small aperture in the ceiling, over which, between the cove and the roof, is a large dark void; it was lighted by a small loop-hole, near the summit. The roof of the church, which is still perfect, and very curious, is comprised of thin stones or flags, neatly laid, and with a very high pitch; the ridge of the roof is thirty feet, while that of the double building at the east end is only twenty.

"Beneath the dark, frowning cliff of Lugduff, on a little patch of arable land, almost inaccessible, except by water, are the ruins of a church, called Teampull-na-Skellig—i. e. the Temple of the Desert or Rock; it is also called the Priory of the Rock, and St. Kevin's cell. Here the saint used to seclude himself for the Lent season, and spend his time wholly in penitence and prayer. It was at a window of this cell, while in a supplicating attitude, and with one hand extended, that a blackbird is said to have descended, and dropped her eggs in St. Kevin's hand.—Tradition states, that the saint never altered the position of his hand or arm, until the poor creature had hatched her eggs, which is the reason that all representations of

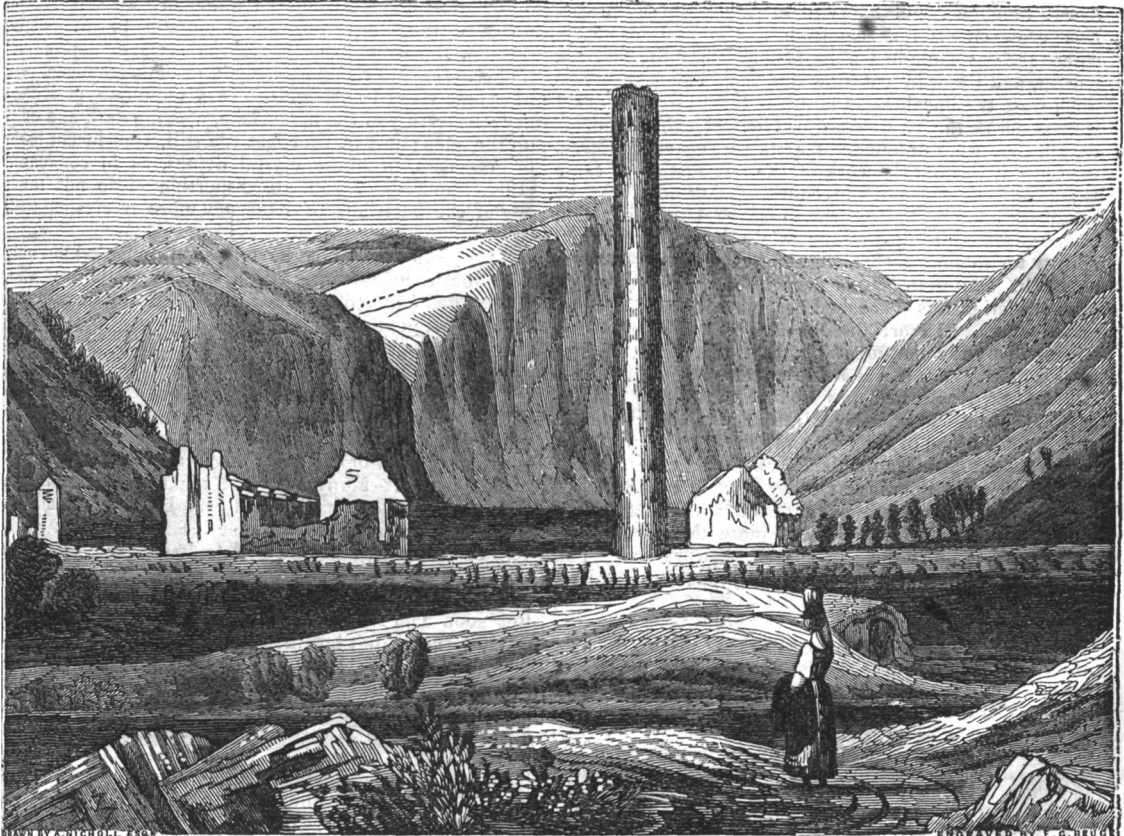
St. Kevin exhibit him with an outstretched hand, and a bird perched upon it.

"Near the Rhefeart church is a Cairn or circular heap of stones, round which pilgrims perform their appointed penance.

"Our description of the most eastern church, perhaps the most important, and which is nearest to the entrance of the vale, has been intentionally postponed, because the visitor generally enters at the northern side of the valley, and making a circuit, takes his leave by the south; this is generally called the abbey, and was dedicated, like the cathedral, to St. Peter and St. Paul. St. Kevin's well lies near the pathway leading from the Rhefeart church to the abbey. The abbey appears to have been the most masterly specimen of the art of building amongst this extensive collection of architectural remains; it originally consisted of two buildings parallel to each other, and of curious and beautiful workmanship; the eastern window was ornamented with rich sculpture. Several of the carved stones were removed and used as key-stones for the arches of the bridge at Derrybawn, but some very curious devices are still to be seen; on one is an engraved wolf, with his tail in his mouth, the whole figure within a triangle. The wolf was an old inhabitant of Glendalough, and not totally extirpated until 1710; the triangle may have some reference to the Trinity, which we know was illustrated by the trefoil or shamrock by St. Patrick. On another stone, two ravens are represented pecking at a skull, a mere emblem of mortality. Runic knots may be discovered on several stones: on one is seen a wolf, the tail of which is entwined in the hair of a man's head; and on others, wolves, or rather wild beasts in general are represented devouring human heads, all simple emblems of mortality.

"These specimens are quite unique in Ireland.

"Why there were exactly seven churches, can be explained only by stating, that the ancient Irish attached some peculiar merit to this number; witness the Seven Churches at Cluanmacnois, Iniscathy, &c., and the seven altars at Holy Cross and Clonfert, &c.



ROUND TOWER AND VALLEY OF GLENDALOUGH.

"There is one monument of antiquity, of more remote date, most probably, than the churches themselves, not yet noticed, although the visitor never loses sight of it during his peregrination through the extensive vale of Glenda-